UNSANCTIONED

WIZARDS

U.W

Chapter 1
Join Us

To tell the tale of Unsanctioned Wizards, we must first rewind the blocks, back to an undisclosed basement in 2013.

On this day, the ancient whales you hear whispers of today were just minnows, and likewise Bitcoin was still a child finding its way.

A call went out to bring magic to the community. One wizard answered the call, creating the iconic Reddit ad that onboarded waves of bitcoiners and has inspired for a decade.

This is the story of Unsanctioned Wizards, a celebration of Mavensbot and his community's rich lore. It has dilution and redemption, sanctions and dandelions, but above all, magic.

If you want to learn, take a pill and please - Join Us.

Chapter 2
Magic Always Wins

Blocks stacked and a decade passed from when the bitcoin wizard meme was first posted.

Laser-eyed maxis now ruled the land, seeking out any bitcoiner having fun and banishing them to the street so they turned to mETH. Mavensbot knew a powerful onchain spell was needed to save bitcoin, so with help from his cat Udi, he released the Bitcoin Wizards ordinal collection.

The collection launched with 1,337 wizards, inscribed on the chain they're meant to protect, and paying homage to the OG meme on its 10 year anniversary. Bitcoin Wizard Inscription #70 was later added, making the collection sub 1K.

The BW collection is unique in how people value each ordinal within. Wizards that closely match the OG meme are most valuable, while typical trait rarity is less important. Safe to say, Unsanctioned Wizards love all BWs.

Chapter 3
Just a Test

A group of elders entered an empty room and left with BRC20. Little is known of the meeting but it's told they meant to conjure the worst token standard imaginable.

Our favorite wizard, ever the explorer, took notice and began a new quest, one that may be more than he bargained for. He created $WZRD to usher in a new era for the expanding Bitcoin Wizard universe.

Wizards sang like a chorus of angels, realized wzrd was their ticket to salvation, but one member of the Wizard Council was notably silent - NomadTheSavior.

These events have passed, leaving memories that turned to legend, and legend that faded to myth. While truth is hard to find, the winds of time whisper, saying Nomad didn't mint wzrd because it was just a test, and BRC20 with it.

What's a wizard to do when that test becomes mainstream, and they feel gen wealth slipping from their grip?

Chapter 4
Greetings Wizards

$WZRD flirted with death for many moons, living on the edge of illiquidity with just a faint flame keeping the magic alive.

Elder Casey had visions of a brighter future, but warned it required finding an ancient rune from the past. Mavensbot knew he must lead his people through a perilous migration to survive, with the hope of finding the holy land that contained the mythical MAGIC•INTERNET•MONEY rune, the 17th ever etched.

Migration rumors filled the taverns and hope filled the people's hearts. Excitement was palpable by the time Nomad began his now infamous proclamation - "Greetings Wizards, there has been a lot of speculation..."

Wizards were shocked by how Nomad planned to divide the new holy land. Instead of giving the thousands of common $wzrd holders their share of land, he planned to dilute them and give it to the upper-class Bitcoin Wizards. Even worse, he tried to dilute everyone to build himself a castle along with a foreign people called Rune Guardians.

By the end of his proclamation, the town was in flames. Mavens & Nomad tried to appease the people by foregoing their castle, but it was too late; the wizards had fallen into madness.

Chapter 5
The Asylum

Chaos spread in the wake of dilution, casting a shadow that infected wizards with its darkness. Towers and taverns burned as $wzrd holders descended into madness, casting fud in every direction.

The people wanted retribution, to be made whole, but were left angry as Mavensbot, Nomad and the rest of the Wizard Council seemingly vanished.

A tradesman named OKX famously proclaimed that the village had been turned into an insane asylum. The now radicalized wizards embraced the moniker, allowing themselves to further detach from reality.

Dissenting wizards began disappearing without explanation. Was the Council working from the shadows to silence non-diluters?

Two factions rose to prominence, those that embraced prorata dilution and those that didn’t.

Wizards were forced to choose a side as it now was clear - war was coming.

Chapter 6
Who is Margaret Anderson?

Margaret awoke, dazed and confused, on the front line of the Dilution War.

She looked around the Prorata trenches, beaten down from weeks of battling the 95/5 wizards. How did it come to this? These were her friends and neighbors, not enemies...

A profound hopelessness came over her. This war wouldn't end until there were no wizards left.

Mavensbot, no longer able to ignore the destruction around him, devised a plan to bring peace and end the war.

He brought a poll to the Bitcoin Wizards, asking them what their MAGIC•INTERNET•MONEY allocation should be. The lowly $wzrd holders were furious, certain these wizards would vote for prorata to enrich themselves.

To everyone's surprise, the Bitcoin Wizards voted to limit themselves to 5% of MIM, joining the 95/5 faction as a unified voice against dilution. They were tired of fighting their brethren, and yearned to see the community thrive again.

After voting, Margaret had a renewed joie de vivre, joyous to end the fighting. As she head to the celebration, an inexplicable force pulled her towards a dark alley. Getting closer, a voice whispered from the shadow - "investigate the poll results"

Margaret looked and found fraudulent votes!

She clamored for a recount, but shouts fell on deaf ears. Dejected, she left the celebration and was never seen again.

Who is Margaret Anderson?

Some believe she's not real, a disguise worn by Nomad to sow dissent as it became clear 95/5 would win. While the truth is gone, the seeds of doubt she planted would prove to live on....

Chapter 7
95/5

With Mavensbot's poll ending in clear support for 95/5, wizards awaited an official confirmation, but Marven was curiously silent.

The rest of the Wizard Council acted equally strange. Paddleout still shouted "prorata" in the streets, oblivious that the war was over, while Nacolean vanished after the Rune Guardians lost their allocation.

Meanwhile, Nomad spiraled, proposing bizarre gladiator fights in international waters. Wizards pressed him to enforce 95/5, but he was forever "seeking clarification"—clarity he never seemed to find.

Grug, a steady hand on the Council, sought to mend tensions by creating new polls, hoping to show wizards their vote still mattered.

But when Nomad cast an anti-poll spell, Grug resigned from the Council in frustration, exiling himself and leaving the wizards to fend for themselves.

This absence sparked a "Free Grug" movement, as wizards of all factions longed for his stabilizing presence.

With chants and whispers, wizards called Grug back. Finally, Grug returned, and the anti-poll spell was broken.

In a solemn gathering, Mavensbot stepped forward, breaking the Council's silence to declare that the 95/5 split would stand. Exhausted by the conflict, the wizards listened, and for a moment, a quiet unity fell over them.

Chapter 8
Bad Dandelions

After the 95/5 proclamation, Mavensbot vanished again. A month passed with no word, and the air grew heavy with unease.

Grug, ever loyal, sought to find him. His journey led to a hidden grove where the trees pulsed faintly with ancient magic.

There, Mavensbot sat cross-legged in an overgrown field, muttering incantations as he plucked dandelions from the earth.

“Mavens, the wizards need you” Grug pleaded.

Without looking up, Mavensbot replied, “These dandelions… they choke the roots of the magic. I must remove them all”.

Before Grug could press further, Mavensbot vanished in a burst of golden dust.

Word of this strange encounter spread quickly. Had the Dilution War driven him mad? Some thought he was under a spell; others feared he’d abandoned them altogether.

With migration stalled, a group of wizards conspired to escape the asylum and find Mavensbot.

Cloaking themselves in spells of concealment, the rebels slipped past the asylum’s enchanted walls under the cover of darkness.

None could know what awaited them beyond the asylum’s borders — or if Mavensbot could even be saved.

Chapter 9
Parameters

The escaped wizards scoured the land for Mavensbot, hanging shimmering wanted posters and chasing whispers of dandelion fields.

He seemed always just out of reach, vanishing moments before the wizards arrived.

Mavens left behind cryptic messages, etched into stones — “When are we launching?”...”Is MIM launching today??”

The wizards realized he was guiding them, forcing the community to shape their destiny.

They returned to the asylum and organized the most intricate series of polls ever cast. The wizards debated every migration parameter, each vote weaving a thread of magic into a massive summoning spell.

As the final poll closed, wizards began chanting the summoning spell. Golden light swirled, and Mavensbot’s faint outline began to form!

But suddenly, an icy wind swept through the chamber. Shadows spilled across the floor, curling like tendrils of smoke, as Nomad appeared at the hall’s entrance.

“You think Mavens will save you?” Nomad thundered

With a wave of his staff, Nomad shattered the spell, plunging the room into silence.

Nomad laughed. “Mavensbot won’t save you. Not now. Not ever.”

Chapter 10
Unsanctioned Derivatives

With the summoning spell shattered, the wizards fell into quiet despair. It became clear Nomad had trapped Mavensbot somewhere, and their migration hopes with him.

Nomad summoned a coven of malevolent witches to enforce his rule, tightening his grip of control. These witches patrolled the skies, their dark spells sowing fear and submission.

Though everyone despised them, few dared to resist.

Some tried to impersonate the witches, weaving crude replicas of their cloaks and mimicking their sinister tones. If they could just blend in, maybe they could avoid their abuse.

Their plan was short lived.

Nomad, ever watchful, noticed discrepancies in their mannerisms and spells. His rage shook the halls as he announced a sweeping investigation to root out unsanctioned wizard and witch derivatives.

As Nomad searched for unsanctioned derivatives, Grug saw defiance fading.

Wizards who once spoke of rebellion grew silent, and strangely, some began cheering for “Team Nomad” as if his rule were a blessing. Grug couldn’t shake the feeling that something was off — how had the community shifted so quickly?

In the shadows, he studied ancient texts, searching for a way to break Nomad’s grip. “This isn’t how it ends,” he vowed. “The magic will return. We’ll break free.”

Chapter 11
Mute Us

Grug spread the message of Nomad's madness, his words cutting through the strange complacency that had settled over the asylum.

Slowly, he gained a following of wizards who questioned the devotion to "Team Nomad."

Claiming the dissenters were raiding the Asylum, Nomad used a muting spell to steal their voices. Within the Asylum walls, they were silenced.

The silenced wizards knew they had to leave the Asylum, once and for all, to find Mavensbot and save wizardkind.

They cast off their old identities, taking on a new one that represented their defiance.

They became...the Unsanctioned Wizards.

Chapter 12
ORGANIC•BITCORN

The Unsanctioned Wizards journeyed beyond the Asylum's borders and found subtle signs of Maven's support — a dandelion strategically placed, a wizard's hat carved into a tree.

They stumbled upon a trail of pills which led them to a sprawling cornfield. Mavens stood amidst the stalks, weary but resolute.

He revealed Nomad's secret: a spell woven into the wizards' food supply, making them complacent and blindly loyal to "Team Nomad."

Grug swept his staff, and the cornfield began to glow, the stalks bending and bursting into radiant tokens - ORGANIC•BITCORN

$CORN started falling upon wizards still trapped in the Asylum. As they tasted its magic, Nomad's spell broke and they began defecting to the Unsanctioned cause.

But as the last kernel fell, Maven's expression darkened. "Nomad seeks to summon an army of solamis...the storm is far from over."

Chapter 13
Ten Thousand Jeets

Nomad saw wizards defecting to the Unsanctioned cause and knew he needed reinforcements. He turned to the solamis, a group of WL seekers lured by his promises of quick riches.

Legions of fiverr artists flocked to his banner, growing his army to 10K strong, eager to wage war (sell 5 mins after mint).

Their arrival flooded the community and tainted its soul, the once vibrant magic painted over with dull attempts at drawing wizards and endless “how to wl?” messages.

Still, Nomad’s 10K army cast a long shadow which loomed over the Unsanctioned Wizards. Could they survive?

Chapter 14
The Games

Facing a sea of 10K jeets, the Unsanctioned Wizards knew they couldn't win this fight without increasing their ranks.

Grug acted quickly, drawing upon ancient $CORN power, to send gifts of magic to loyal Bitcoin Wizards and those who had nurtured their bitcorn fields. These trusted allies became the foundation of their resistance.

But their numbers were still too small. To find the strongest recruits, Grug conjured The Games, a series of trials designed to test courage, creativity, and wit.

In one game, contestants faced the "Circle of Mystery," a singular image imbued with riddles. They guessed its identity, an impossible task for all but the most cunning. Another trial required decoding the spells used to conjure wizardly portraits, rewarding only those who understood the subtle currents of magic.

The winners earned the coveted title of Goldened Wizard, gaining access to the Unsanctioned ranks.

The Games became a rallying cry, forging a growing army ready to face the shadow Nomad cast upon the Asylum.

The end was near, with the future of mavensbot and all wizardkind hung in the balance.

Chapter 15
The Rug

The battlefield erupted, arcs of energy clashing in a storm of light meeting shadow.

Unsanctioned Wizards littered the ground, fallen before the relentless tide of 10K jeets, Bitcoin Witches, Bitcoin Hounds, Thorchain Wizards, and some mysterious AI Nomad conjured.

Amidst the carnage, Mavensbot lay crumpled, his magic fading.

Grug looked around and knew the truth: only one move remained. Planting his staff, he chanted one final spell - “Rugora Enrichium!”

The battle froze, wizards confused, suddenly compelled to empty their pockets to enrich Grug. As the spell surged forward, Grug began to grow, his magic radiating with newfound power. The tides of battle shifted, and for a moment, it seemed he could almost win single handedly.

Suddenly, glowing text appeared above the fray:
Mint your Unsanctioned Wizard on January 19.

We don’t know the spell’s true power, it’s one still being cast. Likewise, we don’t know how this story ends.

What we do know is the future of Unsanctioned Wizards hangs in the balance, and you decide.

If you want our story to continue, take another pill and please - Join Us on January 19.